

THE

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CHAPLAIN.

A

POEM.

[Thomas Hallie Delamayne]

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MY LORD, YOUR CHAPLAIN!

ORPHAN.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in St. James's-Street. M.DCC.LXIV.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

THE

CHAPLAIN.



P O E M.

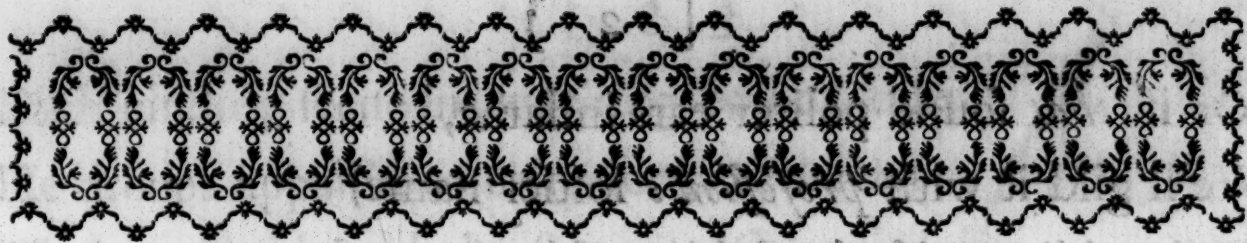
MY LORD, YOUR CHAPLAIN

GEORGE

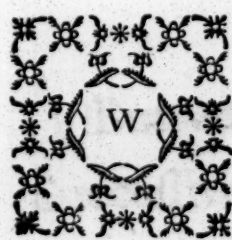
L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Murray, in St. James's Street, M.DCCC.LVII.

[Price One Guinea and Sixpence]



T H E  
C H A P L A I N.



HOE'ER the morals of the world shall scan,  
Will find a native modesty in man ;  
Tho' the vague whimsies of fantastic mode  
Divert the footstep from decorum's road,  
*Her* throne resign'd to worthless impudence,  
Thro' custom trampling o'er the bounds of sense,  
This sacred virtue at their earlier birth  
Stamps her full signet o'er the sons of earth.

Chief shines celestial MODESTY display'd  
O'er souls just ent'ring on the world of *trade* ;

B

(Or

to

(Or if *that* found politer ears inflame,  
 We'll gild it with *profession's* loftier name)  
 'Till public praise the dubious scheme prefer,  
 They start, and pausing tremble, lest they err.

The sons of PHYSIC with a falt'ring heart  
 Studiously ponder o'er their mystic art,  
 Backward from diffidence they scarce will try  
 The settled rules of a DISPENSARY,  
 So *strangely* willing, so inclin'd to save  
 A wretched, hopeless patient from the grave.  
 'Tis true, this horror in a trice is pass'd,  
 (For shame, God knows, can but a season last,  
 And, from whatever cause they practice lack,  
 Modesty rarely keeps physicians back)  
 Soon are their pow'rs enlarg'd, enlarg'd their will,  
 And like *th'* *establisht* tribe they learn to kill.

When first he rouses to the wordy war  
 Th' astonish'd lawyer shudders at the bar;  
 Ev'n on the utmost limits of his tongue  
 Tho' wisdom's animated strain is hung,

Each

Each circling scene his wav'ring bosom scars,  
 He droops appall'd to ev'ry fool, that stares ;  
 Tho' proffer'd gold the sanguine throes inspire,  
 Gold, which would kindle ev'n an idiot's fire,  
 Or what th' unbiass'd *stripling* must delight,  
 A conscience beaming in the cause of right,  
 Tho' *ev'ry* theme his soul capacious fit,  
 Rous'd with the blaze of Mansfield's flashy wit,  
 Or steel'd with callous N——'s brazen pow'rs,  
 — He checks the torrent, and suspends his show'rs.

But when (*applauses always merit wait*)  
 Successive conquests have proclaim'd him great,  
 When crouding clients thunder at his door,  
 And his chest groans beneath the gilded store ;  
 When briefs on briefs, collected mountains, lye,  
 Condemn'd but rarely to salute his eye ;  
 With *mimic* zeal he deals his frantic strokes  
 In leaden gravity, or pointless jokes ;  
 For right, for wrong to prate, whate'er his lot,  
 So he be fee'd, it matters *not* a jot ;

His

His strains tho' brethren of the gown pursue,  
 —He laughs at those and at his clients too;  
 Scarce is he mov'd by CLARKE'S *enliven'd* law,  
 Scarce kept by HENLEY'S *Majesty* in awe.

So fares it with the priests, a pious line,  
 Whom *crape* has, recently, confirm'd divine;  
 Whether our fate to plead, prescribe, or pray,  
 Fear is the tax, which novices must pay.  
 Fix'd in the pulpit, statue-like, he stands,  
 Nor dares to lift his eyes, or wave his hands;  
 Confusion's blushes with a conscious streak  
 Glow o'er his face, and wanton in his cheek;  
 Low sinks the voice, tho' heav'n-born truth inspires,  
 And weak the fervor, tho' religion fires.

At length devotion, from repeated flame,  
 Wears out the traces of opposing shame;  
 The tenfold rust of academic rules,  
 And all the grave dull pedantry of schools,  
 (Where, for a destin'd period, youth is hurl'd,  
 Abforb'd, like Monks, in ign'rance of the world,

That

That ign'rance, which in life's abstracted plan,  
 May raise the scholar, but degrades the man)  
 The sheepish awkwardness, the backward grace,  
 (Those poor *half*-virtues that usurp the face,  
 When sneaking to some PROCTOR's furly frown  
 Or tyrant *fellow* strutting in his gown,  
 To crush ingenuous worth whose shallow task,  
 And smile on vice, if veil'd behind a mask)  
 All, all are flown ; so strong the pow'r of use,  
 And such the change, which custom's laws produce.

Behold him now religion's dauntless friend  
 From church to church the pulpit's round ascend,  
 Dance to his task, and frisk about the town,  
 Coxcomb in ev'ry gesture, vain as Brown ;  
 From ev'ry pew superior awe command,  
 His lilly gloves close-fitted to his hand,  
 And, the *rude* priest burlesqu'd into a beau,  
 His handkerchief as white, as whitest snow ;  
 So white, you'd swear it meant for a disgrace,  
 To the rough horrors of an *olive*-face.

Soft looks of rapture *he* from ladies draws,  
 And *gentlemen* grow lavish in applause;  
 Whether in *sober mood* he aim a pray'r,  
 To bless some *college*, planted, God knows where;  
 O'er § *Philadelphia* spin the *learned* lore,  
 To hearers, doom'd for life to England's shore,  
 (Insur'd to praises from the *partial* breast)  
 And the scrawl *publish* at---a *friend's request*;  
 Or if some riot of the *mob* to quell,  
 He summon, Whitefield-like, the fiends of *hell*,  
 (Such sounds indeed 'tis unpolite to bawl  
 Scarce us'd by *fashionable* priests at all)  
 Thunder *anathemas*, unknown to fear,  
 And deal damnation to a---\* *Collier's* ear.

Yet vain the zeal, this strong devotion vain,  
 Fruitless each rapture of the priestly train,  
 Tho' in the judgment of the few he shine,  
 Ne'er will he rise a *popular* divine,

---

§ See a sermon on religious liberty by Dr. Brown.

\* An event that happened at Newcastle.

'Till the fond *bleffing* of a gracious Lord  
 The fcarf's luxuriant majesty afford,  
 Doom'd in *some future* period to fupply  
 A *living's* fweets to feaft him, *e're he dye.*  
 On fuch the world their partial fmile beftow,  
 The world directed ev'n in THIS by fhew:  
 Thus CHAPLAIN dubb'd, he fwells the zealous fire,  
 Crowds hang around, and liften to admire.

A CHAPLAIN was of old a facred name,  
 Whom worth and piety refign'd to fame;  
 Who foar'd enraptur'd on devotion's wings  
 High o'er the filthy dross of earthly things;  
 Too good to truckle to corruption's nod,  
 Or for a temp'ral int'reft quit his God;  
 Truth was his fort, the gospel his delight,  
 By day his ftudy, and his dream by night.

'Twas at this feafon (how revers'd the times,  
 Which now are blacken'd with repeated crimes,  
 So

So thick, that like a Job's unbounded sore,  
 Man's guilty bosom has not room for more)  
 At this blest'd season th' uncorrupted peer,  
 Whose soul shone conscious of *one* gen'rous fear,  
 A fear, which rul'd his thoughts, inspir'd his will,  
 (Tho' now unknown) the fear of doing ill ;  
 Who did not, as *of late*, his brethren meet,  
 To poison virtue at a graceless treat,  
 Who dar'd not to blaspheme with frantic breast,  
 Make worth his sport, and modesty his jest ;  
 Dar'd not decorum's social rights offend,  
 Debauch the virgin, and betray his friend,  
 A fondling tale to purports vile improve,  
 And varnish knav'ry with the smile of love ;  
 The Peer (for *then* on life's extended plan,  
 Title receiv'd it's sanction from the man,  
 The man no rev'rence from his title drew,  
 Bestow'd on those alone, who virtue knew)  
 Left gilded snares should tempt his soul astray,  
 Tempt him to wander from religion's way,

And

And court the pleasures, of th' enchanted ground,  
 Where vice exhales her flow'ry sweets around,  
 Receiv'd the PRIEST; rever'd the welcome guest,  
 Friend of his hours, and partner of his breast;  
 Each heav'nly theme with fix'd attention fought,  
 A theme well worthy of his soberer thought:

—*Vainly the state to rule THEIR fancies roam,  
 Who give no study to themselves at home.*

But more this sacred union to regard,  
 To cheer his labors, and his care reward,  
 By some warm pledge, some monument to prove  
 Th' ingenuous ardor of applauding love,  
 The SCARF he gave, affection's signet known,  
 To stamp the friend, and mark him for his own.

No wonder then in virtue's purer cause  
 The dauntless Noble rose to shield the laws,  
 Rose gen'rous champion with a stern delight  
 Truth to protect, and liberty to right;  
 To curb oppression, and with dauntless hand  
 Avenge the *charter* of an injur'd land:

D

No

No wonder panting for immortal fame  
 Each glowing bosom felt the patriot flame;  
 By deeds of worth superior glory sought,  
 And loath'd the paths of meanness---ev'n in thought:  
 No wonder by the strong contagion fir'd  
 To prop religion PRIESTHOOD rose inspir'd;  
 While Nobles dar'd defy a tyrant's throne,  
 Fix'd to the kingdom's int'rest, not their own,  
 Boldly corruption's lawless stream withstood,  
 And seal'd their country's freedom with their blood.

But now the venerable name how chang'd!  
 How from its ancient origin estrang'd!  
 A name degen'rate which implies no more  
 A soul expanded by religion's lore,  
 (Nor frown, ye sons of virtue, but excuse  
 The gen'rous fallies of the free-born muse;  
 Who scorns to level with an headstrong rage  
 The *priestly* few, that consecrate the age,  
 Whom no temptation lures, no threats command,  
 Who sow the seeds of goodness o'er the land;

Truth

Truth suffers not, when censure brands the knave,  
 Nor freedom sinks, when *satire* spurns a slave)  
 It means at best an interested mind,  
 To errors of the great discreetly blind;  
 A face that dares not frown on vice, a tongue  
 That dares not boldly censure, what is wrong;  
 Who if himself in genuine virtue good,  
 Deems sin a stream that cannot be withstood;  
 So *prudently* sits down, secure of care,  
 Amply content the *fatted calf* to share.

But oftner far (tho' worldly censure roll,  
 And warp the honest purport of my soul,  
 When nobly fir'd in truth's much-honor'd cause,  
 I deem the frown of calumny applause)  
 This self-same chaplain is no other meant,  
 Than a meer slave, a downright instrument,  
 Perk'd in his chair, or seated at the board  
 To second all the nonsense of my Lord,  
 To suffer (unreturn'd) with patient breast  
 Dishonest insult, and the scurvy jest;

Requir'd

Requir'd by grandeur, a subservient tool,  
Just to supply in form the place of fool.

Or if my Lord, a dupe to modish vice,  
Hang o'er the card, or shake the sounding dice;  
If a lov'd mistress richer transport show'r  
On the soft period of his vacant hour,  
(For sure the smile of beauty's heav'nly charms  
Greets with more ecstasy the lover's arms,  
Than mid the horrors of a winter's night  
Saunder's, or Arthur's dungeon can delight)  
These milder pastimes must the priest employ,  
Doom'd to assist his crimes, and share his joy,  
Alike their fate to prostitute their fame,  
Their thoughts, their actions, and their hearts the same.

The fond divine severer fate attends  
Thus basely fetter'd for his selfish ends;  
The menial slaves adopt the rude disgrace,  
Each look reflecting from their master's face.  
Th' offensive

Th' offensive frown, the more offensive sneer,  
 Th' immodest accent pouring on his ear,  
 Display resentment's animated fire,  
 To see a brother-flave for fordid hire  
 Luxuriant revel in his Lordship's treat,  
 And boldly mid the great usurp a seat ;  
 With rigid taunts the wretches they pursue,  
 And deem the priest more servil of the two.

But chief the streams of angry reason roll  
 And wake the vengeance of th' impartial soul ;  
 When gull'd by blundering ministerial tricks,  
 Boldly they tempt the maze of politics ;  
 (So the *new* tory ruler of Clare-Hall  
 Bad changeling Granta 'gainst Newcastle bawl ;  
 Bad the *black* squadron to St. James's press,  
 On a *fine* peace to drawl a *fine* address)  
 When virtue, and religion quite forgot,  
 To please the fancy of some titled Scot,  
 Who for a while resigns his jockey reign,  
 And the vast triumphs of Newmarket's plain,

E

Where

Where nobly glowing with *peculiar* pride  
 The Peer turn'd groom does in his jacket ride;  
 Tho' ev'ry KNOWING-ONE who haunts the course,  
 Proclaims my Lord less gen'rous than his horse,  
*He* dares his COUNTRY's honest anger brave,  
 And prove to all—how much he is a slave.  
 Snuffing preferment (for whoe'er would live,  
 'Tis now a SCOTSMAN, that alone can give,  
 Such the reverse, since BUTE infur'd a place  
 To the *mild, modest, hospitable* race)  
 When a poor, dirty sycophant he rakes  
 The inmost blackness of a filthy jakes;  
 Forgive my rage; with patience can I see,  
 Religion's bulwarks doubting to be free?  
 See prostrate in the dust the SPANIELS fawn,  
 ---When conscience tells me, 'tis but for the lawn?

But lest th' indignant muse be deem'd to spring  
 High o'er the paths of TRUTH on FANCY's wing,  
 Lest the rough SATIRE's animated mood  
 Displease the milky bosoms of the good,

Who

Who without spot themselves, o'er nature's round,  
 Can scarce believe, one sinful heart is found,  
 Who think the painter, that corruption draws,  
 Paints but from spite, and censures without cause;  
 Let such for once with an impartial eye  
 All that is folly, all that's sin descry;  
 All that is horror, infamy, disgrace,  
 Shame to his sex, and scandal to his race;  
 Foe to religion, tho' her drefs he wears,  
 A foe to priesthood, tho' her name he bears,  
 Who steel'd to reason apes the strain of sense,  
 And modest shews the worst of impudence;  
 Let such the coarse degen'rate features scan,  
 —And in *this* GENUINE picture view the man,

With the soft amble of a *shuffling* pace,  
 The sneaking mildness of a *simp'ring* face,  
 Where nature writhes each smile into a grin,  
 Burlesquing *ev'ry* serious thought within;  
 Where when resentment kindles into ire,  
 No honest *frown* proclaims the gen'rous fire;

But

But with a stupid stare, afraid to strike,  
 He delicately murmuring lisps dislike;  
 Where giant-shoulders, wrap'd in brawn, appear,  
 Two pillars stout to prop a *feeble* Peer;  
 While porter-like the priestly owner stands,  
 To bear each burden at "my Lord's" commands,  
 Tho his sweet frame, so prettily refin'd,  
 Shakes at each whisper of a winter's wind;  
 With that meek gentle voice, whose siren sound  
 Thrills with delight the ravish'd belles around,  
 (Thus at \* St. John's his honey he imparts)  
 And spreads a fondling flutter o'er their hearts;  
 With that soft melody's enchanting strain  
 Of reigning crimes *just* vent'ring to complain,  
 Which in the height of rage can *just* bestow  
 Some *passing* curses upon virtue's foe;  
 Curses, which lest they should inspire a fear,  
 And mend the heart he *whispers* in the ear,

---

\* Berkley Square.

As meaning to inform the *pious* breast  
 His *puny* ardor is design'd in jest ;  
 While the weak *eunuch* puts forth all his strength,  
 And from the pulpit spreads his body's length,  
 His ditties sweet more audibly to bawl,  
 Each anxious hearer trembling for his fall ;  
 Who, when the phrase, well-trim'd, and finely spun  
 (Th' affected simper speaks it *neatly* done)  
 Meets its *due* period, with a *smirking* glee  
 Looks round, " was ever preacher great as ME !"

Can this gay fop, this food for human mirth,  
 This shade, this nothing 'mid the fons of earth,  
 So *good*, he would not for the world be heard  
 To speak one wanton, one unfeemly word,  
 Who would be shock'd, should e'er his tongue blaspheme,  
 But stirs not, if my Lord inspires the theme ;  
 Can *he* in ribaldry's immodest strain  
 To public eyes lascivious scenes explain ;  
 And that his folly's mark should ever stand  
 Stamp them his own, and sign them with his hand ?

F

He

He on the graceless page no curtain draws,  
 More richly shewn thro' delicacy's *gauze*,  
 Bids luscious sweets in luscious accents shine,  
 And fans debauch'ry with his *prurient* line.

Can HE 'gainst falshood preach, who hugs a lye,  
 And loath the guilt, himself he dares to try,  
 By patrons fetter'd, and by faction fir'd,  
 By a *black venal lawyer's* rage inspir'd,  
 (Still doom'd the tool of state, the dupe of pow'r,  
 Tho' threatening hell wide-open to devour,  
 Who deals each vileness, each insidious art,  
 A callous head-piece, and a rotten heart)  
 Bid streaming wealth to gild corruption roll,  
*And sell his own, or buy another's soul?*  
 Make the *foul miscreant*, like himself unjust,  
 A slave to fraud, a traytor to his trust?

Peace to such wretches, still let KIDGELL meet,  
 To sooth his pride, and fan his self-conceit,

To

To swell the triumphs of his priestly fate,  
 The smile of grandeur, and the praise of STATE ;  
 Let *such* insur'd to every knave's applause,  
 Mow down all right, and trample on the laws ;  
 Break in religion's cause religion's fence,  
 And publish blasphemy in *heav'n's* defence ;  
 Let such, if easy conscience shall permit,  
 To party-purports prostitute their wit,  
 (Which tho' but slender, with disdain to swerve,  
 They still should proffer to the God they *serve*)  
 Let such with censure spotless worth pursue,  
 And ev'n with \* *moderating frenzy* view  
 The SOLID wisdom of a PRATT's decree,  
 PRATT mid corruption's scenes, who dares be free,  
 Upholding ENGLAND'S RIGHTS with honest soul  
 Unbiass'd by a statesman's vile control ;  
 —Reason detests the self-convicting flame,  
 And damns the slaves to everlasting shame.

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\* Alluding to the Moderator, a chaos of political trash circulated in a late periodical paper.

Tho' fashion, patron of *illegal wrong*  
 Should bind the world, and check her coward-tongue,  
 Bid her corruption court, and guilt befriend,  
 Applaud their vileness, and their crimes defend,  
 Lead her in slav'ry's adamant chain  
 To blast fair virtue with insulting strain;  
 Tho' tyrant STUARTS should on freedom frown,  
 Freedom an English subject's *nat'ral* crown,  
 To shades of night inglorious merit thrust,  
 And spread my country's honors in the dust,  
 Still, still shall conscience fire my soul within  
 To rush indignant on the slaves of sin;  
 The friend of worth, to liberty resign'd,  
 Oppression shall not shake my steady mind;  
 Still greatly panting for an HONEST name,  
 Still virtue's dictates shall my heart inflame.

Such be the muses task; her dauntless soul  
 No bribes shall influence, and no fears control;  
 No ministerial frown shall damp her fire;  
 Free be her flight, and boundless be her ire,

Where'er

Wheree'er her animated thunder falls,  
While FREEDOM beckons, and her country calls.

When rais'd at once in pure devotion's list  
S—d—h himself turns downright METHODIST ;  
----Gainst vice so late he lov'd, declaiming stands,  
And, faint-like, lifts to heav'n his eyes and hands ;  
When loathing follies, and a foe to crimes,  
This *Cruden* rises to reform the times.  
Quits the low *comic* jest, the *tragic* rage,  
To strut his moment on a loftier stage ;  
When the mad *Noble*, lost to honest shame,  
More savage than the WIND, which bears his name,  
(The wind whose horror heav'n's fair face deforms,  
And blasts *November* with relentless storms)  
Resigns at *mimic* loyalty's pretence  
To *factious* vileness decency, and sense ;  
Who keeps that maxim of the world in view,  
The weak with sev'nfold vengeance to pursue,  
Each stroke repeats, repeats resentment's sound,  
And the *fall'n patriot* crushes to the ground ;

G

When

When he, whose patriot soul disdain'd of old  
 The proffer'd *tribute* of his country's gold,  
 Whose praise with gratitude's unbounded flame  
 In conscious joy HIBERNIA's sons proclaim,  
 The deeds, he once detested, who approves,  
 Ev'n he, ev'n H--l--x compassion moves ;  
 KIDGELL with ample hopes usurps the gown,  
 Pants for the mitre, and demands renown.

But now *methinks* a purer beam of light  
 Glares on my eye, and rushes o'er my sight ;  
 I see in conscious pride devotion spring,  
 Cheer'd by a pious Monarch's fostering wing ;  
 I see RELIGION's *new-born* glory rise,  
 And waft her richest incense to the skies ;  
 CORRUPTION sinking with a pale affright  
 Shall drop detested to the shades of night ;  
 TRUTH's radiant smile shall triumph o'er disgrace,  
 And VIRTUE once again be seen---in place.

The E N D.



